

Quiet People With Hats On

I decided what to do with my body after death.

Due to the excessive amount of expired fruit in my home, I decided to feed it to the worms that hide in the walls every week. After all, they are the only ones who come and visit me regularly. They can gather my body and make it bloom inside and outside the house, which indicates the death of a confused person. They can fit into my heart and slowly transform me into nothingness.

But after being so fragmented, I still fear that my consciousness remains intact. Why is that? I know very well that nothing comes after death except for emptiness. Unlike ordinary people, it is something I have never wondered about. It is nothing. To have no emotions. To exist like a stillborn planet. Dust particles shrink and scatter, then explode and wait to come back to life, but then they kill the joy in our eyes.

In the beginning, we are born like apple trees. We grow larger to bear fruit on fields and playgrounds. But some of us have that orange scent, that brilliance adorned with the brightest red. Yes, some of us have worms... A worm can eat an apple peacefully and leave the dead fruit without a care.

I really want to leave from here. I feel like I'm shopping at a terrible grocery store. Every fruit here is filled with worms, it's almost "gross" and somewhat "eerie." Maybe that's why it's called "grocery"? To hide the fact that this place is really awful. If you think about it, it's truly horrible. Trees are cut down, fruits are harvested. Then we make money by producing and selling every part of them. We are truly disgusting, aren't we? Mother Nature had of no approval of this, she, perhaps, is very disgusted with what humans did with her?

But there's nothing we can do about it. To look at a grocery store like this... It's a really pessimistic perspective. Convenience stores are even worse than grocery stores, aren't they? At least in grocery stores, there's something that comes from nature. Convenience stores, on the other hand, are full of human-made things. Do these two types of stores ever fight each other?

"No, I hate every tool you have! You're not even natural!"
or "No, I hate you! You're not made by human hands!"

It's a great way to think about unconscious, lifeless things.

But we humans humanize stores. They also wear hats to keep the sun away. They are like newborn babies. We sustain ourselves from them, and they become rivals to nature.

However, we are not as "human" as half of a store could be. They don't kill, they don't harvest. They don't scream, they don't cry. They are what we have always wanted to be as humanity. What leads us astray are our hearts and minds. If every store had a heart, then they would also be "human." Ah, but these are grocery stores, convenience stores at the end of the day. It is we who are disgusting, eerie, and inconvenient.

They put on their hats and quietly go about their business. We put on our hats, produce something, and most likely end someone's life.

Wish we learned to be still and natural enough, like a grocery store. Or as convenient as a convenience store... But we'll never be...